Jennings Perry Is Back, See Page 4

# I. F. Stone's Weekly

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## That Familiar Chill on the Brink of Peace

**A disregard for human life** is supposed to be an Oriental characteristic. Judging by the pace of negotiations in the Korean truce talks, all military men must be Oriental. Last December the Red Cross called on both sides in the Korean conflict for an immediate exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war. It took two months before General Clark passed this proposal on to the Communist command. It took a month more before the latter replied, accepting. The acceptance in turn asserts that both sides had reached agreement on this particular point many months earlier in Paragraph 53 of the draft armistice agreement, and says implementation had been held up "solely because the Korean armistice negotiations were suspended."

This is almost but not quite true. Actually Paragraph 53 merely provided priority for the repatriation of the sick and wounded when an armistice was reached. This new readiness to allow voluntary repatriation of the sick and wounded in accordance with the Geneva convention *before* an armistice has been achieved represents a new concession. It fits into the conciliatory pattern woven by a whole series of moves since the Malenkov succession. The Communist reply "fully agrees" to General Clark's proposal. The State Department terms it an "unconditional acceptance." The Department's favorite chestnut in dealing with any Soviet peace proposal is to ask for deeds, not words. But now as in the past when deeds are offered, a chill descends on Washington and on military headquarters in Tokyo. There is talk of a trap. Difficulties begin to be exfoliated. The military seems to have a lawyer-like genius for conjuring up the nicest points of possible future disagreements, as if drawing up contracts for a 30-year lease.

***In this vein the New York Times correspondent*** in Tokyo notes that the Clark letter of February 22 called for "impartial verification" of the condition of ailing prisoners and "a possible snag was anticipated"—how these snags accumulate!—"*if the Communists suggested that each side* be left to determine for itself" which prisoners were to be included in the sick and wounded category. Yet this would seem to be the most expeditious way to handle the repatriation. To judge by the past, the problem of providing "impartial verification" could consume interminable months of haggling.

The exchange of the sick and wounded is not made contingent on resumption of truce negotiations, but the good feeling created by such an exchange would make it difficult to reject the Communist request for renewed talks. These were broken off last October 18 by the "unified command" in Tokyo with the statement that talks would not be resumed unless the American position on voluntary repatriation were accepted.

The Chou En-lai broadcast as we go to press indicates that the Communists are now prepared to give in on voluntary repatriation, but the State Department already finds "glaring ambiguities" in the broadcast and one wonders what ingenious new deadlocks may be in the making.

**Among the American military in the Far East** there has always been a strong if not dominant faction which did not want the truce talks to succeed.

General Van Fleet spoke for this group when he told the Senate Armed Services Committee last month "the only solution is a military victory in Korea . . . anything short of that would be a defeat . . . all you do is to leave an intolerable situation in Korea and postpone the agony, because you have an Iron Curtain across the middle of Korea . . . they could overrun the country at any later time of their own choosing . . . and with airfields built all over North Korea that could threaten Japan. All we would be doing would be to postpone the trouble by signing an armistice." The reference to airfields recalls an earlier dispute which may be revived even if the POW issue is settled. The State Department emphasizes that the "draft agreement" submitted to the UN last October is a draft but in no sense an agreement.

Those who think a showdown necessary may still find ample obstacles to a settlement. Van Fleet provided a full glimpse of this mentality when he told the Senate committee "what we need to reestablish American might and prestige, not only in the Pacific but throughout the world, is a military victory to show that we are supreme and the Communist arms are nothing." He made it clear that he considered the present stalemate a defeat. When asked in executive session later that day (as the released text now reveals) whether the war would not go on even if a new offensive succeeded in reestablishing a line further north, Van Fleet replied, "Yes. You will never get a political solution; there will always be an Iron Curtain until you have it out with Russia."

Van Fleet is a lesser MacArthur and does not speak for all the American military; the failure to keep him on in Korea after his retirement deadline of 60, as could have been done, is indicative. There are more sober counsels, and these seem to have the greater weight with Generals like Bradley and Collins, and with Eisenhower himself. But the hesitations over the new offer are characteristic and revealing. The tactic of "neither war nor peace," which is supposed to be a Communist invention, seems to be currently an American policy. Should peace begin to break out in Korea, so run the familiar speculations, how keep up the pressure on France for German rearmament? And what happens to the drive for bigger air force and air defense appropriations? And how explain away to Republicans brought up on the mythology of Yalta the "appeasement" involved in recognizing the new realities in Asia?

The Chou broadcast recalls the agreement for a political conference in three months on the broader problems involved in making peace. And that leads straight to Formosa.



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# Time for A Deportation—To Wisconsin

**McCarthy will never** be beaten on the defensive. He loses one fight and starts two new ones. Charges are always more exciting than their refutation, and he thereby dominates the front pages. He is becoming the biggest thing on the national landscape, and frontal collision with the President and his own party leadership adds to his prestige. He has hardly begun to hit his stride as master of the Big Lie. Like Hitler and Goebbels, he knows the value of ceaseless reiteration. He has their complete lack of scruple, and sets as low an estimate as they on the popular mind's capacity to remember. His defeat in the fight against Bohlen is a minor episode in the perspective of his ambition and his potentialities.

If—the fatal *if* that shadows democratic governments in their contest with fascist pretenders—*if* this Administration had guts, it would move now to act on the findings of the buried McCarthy report submitted by the Senate subcommittee on privileges and elections. The new Attorney General, in a cheap and vulgar St. Patrick's day speech, announced a heightened deportation campaign against so-called "subversives." The most subversive force in America today is Joe McCarthy. No one is so effectively importing alien conceptions into American government. No one is doing so much to damage the country's prestige abroad and its power to act effectively at home. If "subversion" is to be met by deportation, then it is time to deport McCarthy back to Wisconsin. Families are being broken up, long-time residents driven into exile, men face permanent detention, on charges which are far more tenuous than those made against McCarthy by the Senate inquiry under the Benton resolution.

**Far stronger than** the inference of guilt McCarthy sees in every invocation of the Fifth amendment is the inference created by his own failure six times to show up when invited by the subcommittee to rebut the charges made against him. His repeated fliers in stock and commodity speculation, the unexplained $105,000 in his bank accounts and those of his administrative assistant, the diversion to speculation of funds contributed to fight Communism, his hectic borrowings and his ability to bank more than $170,000 in four years on a Senator's salary (his assistant banked another $96,000 in the same period)—all this cries out for investigation. The subcommittee raises serious question as to whether Wisconsin banking and Federal election laws have been violated. Here lies the means of stopping McCarthy before he has grown too big to be stopped.

There may never be a more favorable opportunity. Young William Randolph Hearst, who has several times put the damper on Pegler, last week got off the McCarthy bandwagon and declared (New York Journal, March 26), "We've had enough of this kind of malicious mischief in American life. Joe McCarthy has pulled a strategical boner with his opposition to the Bohlen appointment." The hitherto favorable Scripps-Howard press (Washington News, March 26) attacked McCarthy for his "back-alley tactics" and said "The amazing thing is that this loud-mouthed rowdy has attracted a Senate following, which has assisted him in dragging that body into the gutter with him." The magisterial Washington Star, the most influential paper in the capital, said of McCarthy and McCarran in the Bohlen fight (March 29), "Their attack was vicious and thoroughly unprincipled. Their weapons were the familiar ones of sly hint and ugly insinuation. . . . With this dirtiest of dirty business there should be no compromise."

**Though McCarthy at one point** in his career was happy to have Communist support, he now likes to picture himself as a remorseless foe of Communism. But the affair of the Greek shipowners last week shows how differently McCarthy treats suspected Communist collaborators who are men of means from the way he treats poor schoolteachers. These shipowners — the breed of the wily Ulysses—have been supplying Communist customers in ships acquired cut-rate from America. Owners of 242 such ships have gotten an immunity bath from McCarthy in return for a paper promise he admits is unenforceable. These subtle-minded Greek operators are men who know their way around politically.

One would have expected McCarthy to denounce them for having grown wealthy by taking America's favors and supplying America's enemies. Yet they are not to be exposed, harassed or punished. The Attorney General is not to be denounced for failure to recover these ships. Instead these shipowners by their private deal with McCarthy may find therein some protection against the seizures and mortgage foreclosures the Eisenhower Administration had begun to institute in these cases. McCarthy's mandate from the Senate to investigate the operations of government may be broad but it is not broad enough to allow him to invade the sphere of foreign policy and to arrange "agreements" by which possible law violations may be excused. It is no wonder he kept his negotiations secret from the State and Justice Departments! His sudden emergence as a combination Secretary of State and Attorney General in this arrangement with the Greek shipowners calls for investigation.

**Ever since that famous** $10,000 pamphlet for Lustron (let's hope it doesn't turn out that McCarthy is also writing pamphlets now on the Greek merchant marine), the Senator has been moving more and more into the domain of literature. His inquiry last week into the overseas information program should give the State Department a lesson in diplomacy. The Department has placed 2,000,000 books abroad by more than 85,000 authors, among them Owen Lattimore's "Ordeal by Slander." But when McCarthy asked whether any of his own books were in the overseas libraries, it appeared there was not a single one on the list. The State Department never committed a greater *faux pas*.

Louis Budenz was on hand as an expert witness, and the often incredible Roy Cohn put this to him:

Mr. COHN. I will ask you this question, Professor Budenz: Have you at the request of the committee examined a partial list of some authors whose books we have been advised by the Library of Congress are currently being used by the State Department in its information program?

Mr. BUDENZ. Yes, sir, I have gone over that list.

Mr. COHN. On that list, did you find any authors who were known to you as Communists?

Mr. BUDENZ. Yes sir, I did.

Mr. COHN. Approximately how many?

Mr. BUDENZ. At least 75. And four that had very close connections with the Communist party.

The answer is intriguing, since it implies that one can be a Communist without having "very close connections with the Communist party." Naturally Cohn did not press him on the point. After all a lot of people named by Budenz as Communists never had "very close connections" with the party.

**The FBI ought to check** one unexplored angle of McCarthy's interrogation of Earl Browder, some of whose books were in libraries abroad. In 1950 International Publishers put on sale a book about the Rajk trial in Hungary called "Tito's Plot Against Europe." It was written by Derek Kartun, the foreign editor of the London Daily Worker. In it on pages 20-21, Kartun says a counter-revolutionary group in 1944 were primed for dirty work in Hungary by the OSS which gave them copies of Browder's books "Teheran" and "Victory and After."

Kartun explains that Browder's theories "would have emasculated the revolutionary movement. The U. S. intelligence service understood immediately the value of the Browder theories in confusing and paralyzing the European Communist parties, and had distributed large numbers of the Browder books. . . ." If this is correct, then McCarthy in discouraging the State Department from circulating these books abroad must be acting as a Communist agent. How the plots do thicken!

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## The Good Old Days Are Back —In FTC at Least

**Elsewhere Republicans** may be disgruntled with their own Eisenhower Administration, but at the Federal Trade Commission all is as it should be with the G.O.P. back in power. There is a whiff of the good old days before 1929 in the announcement that Edward F. Howrey has been appointed chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, where he succeeds John Carson.

The shift from Carson to Howrey must be intensely satisfying to the Old Guard. Once a crusading newspaperman, Carson became secretary in 1924 to the millionaire maverick Senator, Couzens of Michigan, and remained with him until 1936. In the years when Couzens was the hair-shirt of the Republicans, Howrey was starting in practice as a protege and law partner of Coolidge's old secretary, Everett Sanders.

While Carson served as consumer counsel on the Bituminous Coal Commission and later as director of information for the Cooperative League before being appointed to the F.T.C. by Truman in 1949, Howrey was working the other side of the street. The new F.T.C. chairman has for a quarter of a century represented some of America's most important business concerns in fighting the Commission and its somewhat slow and somnolent efforts to curb monopoly practices.

At the hearing on the nomination before the Senate Commerce Committee, when Howrey was asked just why he wanted the job, he said, "I think I have a latent feeling in my breast that I would like to serve the public interest sometime in my life." Senator Potter of Michigan was ungracious enough to inquire further into that "latent feeling" and the following colloquy took place, which we pass on to our readers for a chuckle:

Senator POTTER. I don't mean to ask embarrassing questions. You were first motivated to become a candidate for this office how? Was your motivation stimulated by your political activities or your business interests?

Mr. HOWREY. Well, I don't know what motivated me. I have been interested and have specialized in this field of the law. I thought it was an opportunity to serve in this field.

Senator POTTER. What I am trying to get at, Firestone or some other company didn't come to you and say, "Now, we would like to have you on the Federal Trade Commission?"

Mr. HOWREY. No, I had the support of all of my clients, including Firestone. But I don't think they had any ulterior motives at all of putting me on the Commission because they knew very well once I got on, I can certainly never help them any.

## New Cover for An Old Anti-Union Tactic

**Even a labor movement** short-sightedly obsessed with its own internecine political quarrels ought to see the danger in the conviction of Abram Flaxer of the Public Workers for contempt. If the conviction stands, a Congressional committee may move into any industry or strike situation and demand membership lists. The easy excuse of investigating Communism may become a means of reviving the blacklist, with the question of "loyalty" as pseudo patriotic cover for some of the worst anti trade union practices of the past.

Flaxer was willing to produce the financial and other records of his union. But he was not willing to give the McCarran committee the names and addresses of its 50,000 members. The committee in its own report admitted that it considered most of the members loyal Americans. Why, then, should they be exposed to harassment? The lives of government workers are especially difficult these days and Flaxer did his duty as a trade union official in defying the Committee. Is there anyone in the labor movement still foolish enough to believe that such attacks on the right to privacy in union membership are a danger only to the Left?

## Claque on Capitol Hill

**Our research assistant** had occasion to go to the Senate last week to page a Senator off the floor. Her call card, indicating that she represented *I. F. Stone's Weekly,* was picked up by one of the pages (cute looking, she says). The page glanced at it briefly and dashed off in lukewarm pursuit of the Senator. He returned shortly sans Senator but with a gleam in his eye. "Is this the I. F. Stone," he asked, "who used to work for *PM*?" Our assistant, a long-time resident of D. C., was about to invoke the Fifth amendment but thought better of it and answered diffidently that it was. "Gee, he's a terrific writer," said the page and was off before our girl could do more than flutter her eye-lashes at him.

## Hat's Off

**In these topsy-turvy times** when we find ourselves in the same corner with John Foster Dulles, defending Charles E. Bohlen, we take our hat off this week (rubbing our eyes) to another one-time target of the Left, Lady Nancy Astor for her "too-bad-it-isn't-poison" crack about that cocktail sipped by McCarthy. (Will the ushers please throw out that man in the rear who muttered something about "Cliveden Set?") As we were saying, we knew Lady Astor was a Virginian but we hadn't realized she was a militant Jeffersonian as well.

## Jennings Perry Joins The Weekly

**It is with the greatest of pleasure that I add a page this week by Jennings Perry, my old comrade-in-arms of PM, the New York Star and the Daily Compass. I will feel a little less like the Last of the Mohicans around the Capitol these days with Jennings back in production. The task of writing four pages and handling the business details has proven incredibly heavy; this will lighten the burden. I could not hand over a page to a newspaperman I love, trust and admire more than Jennings Perry. He will write from his home in Nashville, Tenn., or anywhere else he happens or wishes to be. His first piece is out of Key West, one of his favorite fishing places. Jennings is a kind of spiritual Gibraltar of true Americanism in these degenerate times. I welcome him, and I know we will all enjoy reading him again.**

**—I. F. Stone**



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JENNINGS PERRY'S PAGE

# The Kingfish Run and The Human Race Still Wrangles

**Key West, Florida**

As I was saying, the Earth itself is lovely and careless; and the answer to what is a good place for a flame to go when its candle is snuffed is down here, at land's end, in the utterly insouciant sun.

I came down here when PM was snuffed, and we went out to the Contents and took cero mackerel on feathers, and had them broiled in butter, with paprika for decoration and lime juice for tang. When the Star fell, we were bolder and pushed out over the Big Reef for blue dolphins on the blue Stream.

This time, on the passing of the Compass, I hied straightway again to these pretty islands with a new reel, my old rod and a gaudy, frivolous plug called Leaping Lena. With Lena I managed to convince the first tarpon boated in the Keys by daylight this season, and thereupon to experience the sin of Pride.

In February there came the finest run of kingfish on the Reef in seven years. We were in them off the Dry Docks, and off Satan Shoal and once inside Cosgrove Light, off the Marquesas—which was as far as we could follow the run in an open small boat named the Free World.

The upshot is that the pre-Thanksgiving week I came down for now has stretched to over four months. The spring tides are here. The poincianas have begun to open. It is time to return to the United States to see how the cotton is coming up under Eisenhower.

The graciously uninhabited outer islands here have been full of peace and industry. I am able to report that on the fringes of the Reef the indefatigable polyps are as busily extending the land as they have been for ages (some of the coral is red, some only pink), and that the centipede mangroves are as diligently as ever growing new islands for us all.

Ashore, the people have been pleasantly impressive in the exercise of that habitual self-sufficiency, that rather serene aloofness from the "crises" which agitate the statesmen, which becomes the inhabitants of remote islands surrounded by the warm, ancient, indifferent sea. In such an atmosphere even the tourists, one observes, make a truce with the strife that troubled them at home.

The skies over Key West almost constantly rumble with the sorties of the Navy's jets, blimps and helicopters; yet the people never harp upon the association of this armada with the rumors of war. Perhaps it is their adjustment, as islanders, to the knowledge that in any case they have nowhere to run. Perhaps it is a fatalism bred of living in the hurricane latitudes; but it is restful. . . .

The local press notices only what happens in the neighborhood; the alarms of the mainland's radio pundits make small stir in an air preempted by Cuban broadcasts pushing familiar American goods in Cuban Spanish. McCarthy, McCarran, Jenner and Velde are names which down here echo too faintly to rouse an emotion.

Coming in from the placid passes in the little outer islands, I have found it actually amazing that in a new April the mainland papers should be as full of the "two worlds" wrangling as I left them last November. It had been possible to fancy, out there, that, if only from surfeit of the old epithets, the race would have come to terms with itself.

There are fresh whispers of hope; it may be that reason is gaining on the traces of folly. In that effort I gladly will continue on this page, in good and familiar company, what I was saying before.

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